

# THE MANIFESTO

DECEMBER, 1899.

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## Books & Papers.

Columns of figures are seldom interesting, yet I fancy the two which register the receipts and expenditures of the United States year by year from 1791 to the present time will, without illumination, stimulate the curiosity even of those ordinarily indifferent to statistics. If some modern Rip Van Winkle were to be handed this table, which annually appears in the report of the Secretary of the Treasury to Congress, he would know at a glance that in one instance, at least, some great and tremendous event had happened in his country's history. Beginning with gross receipts, which includes revenues and loans, of \$4,771,000 in 1791, he would notice a steady growth, until they reached \$88,371,640 in 1861. Next year, 1862, they were \$581,680,000—an increase in a twelvemonth of nearly half a billion dollars; in 1863, \$889,379,652; in 1864, \$1,393,461,000; in 1865, \$1,805,939,345; and for three years thereafter receipts in excess of one billion dollars annually. From then until this day he would see, also, that the Government's ordinary revenues have been counted annually in the hundreds of millions. If, after seeing such a picture, one were to tell him that this country, a generation ago, suffered four years of strife such as the world had never seen, it ought to occasion in his mind no surprise. The plain cold figures are sufficiently graphic to tell the story of the magnitude of the Civil War.—Hon. Lyman J. Gage, in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for November.

An important pictorial feature will shortly begin in *The Ladies' Home Journal* in a series to be called "Through Picturesque America: In 100 Pictures." Through the medium of the most superb new photographs, taken expressly for this feature, the series will start where American land begins on the Maine coast, take in the greatest points of magnificence and marvelous scenic wonders in every part of America, embrace Alaska, Cuba, Porto Rico, and end where American possessions stop—at the farthest point in the Philippine Islands. Bright, popular explanatory text to accompany the pictures will be supplied by Luther L. Holden, of Boston, who has crossed the American Continent over one hundred times and knows every step of the way. The series will run through the magazine for a year.

It was my privilege to attend Mass on the Olympia during the voyage from New York to Boston and I shall never forget the emotions it excited. The little portable altar, formed of sections of gas pipe, was set up on the starboard side of the gun deck, almost amidship. It was draped with the Stars and Stripes and covered with linen and lace. Over the tabernacle hung a crucifix, and on

either side was a single lighted candle. One side of the altar was flanked by the frowning breech of a gun. On the other side, and only a few feet away, was the galley, where the cooks were busy preparing dinner. Behind the altar was located an orchestra composed of members of the ship's band. The devotion with which the sailors and marines followed the Mass was something remarkable to behold. Father Reaney's little discourse was an instruction based on the devotions of the month of October. He referred to the power of the Blessed Virgin as a mediator, and how, as the Star of the Sea, she had a special oversight of those who went down to the sea in ships. Then there was a deft touch in referring to the earthly mothers, and the sermon was ended.—*Donahag's*

THE JOURNAL OF HYGIEO-THERAPY. The October number comes to us full of good things. The article by Dr. Gifford on "Discouragement and the Law of Cure," is excellent for those who are sick or well. A lesson after that order is eminently educational. Many other interesting articles are found in the same Journal till it is well filled with good things. Pub. by Dr. T. V. Gifford & Co. Kokomo, Ind.

In the November Magazine Number THE OUTLOOK prints a portrait and brief sketch of Mr. James Barnes, now on his way to the Transvaal as special correspondent for THE OUTLOOK. The articles from Mr. Barnes on the Transvaal War and on the problems of South Africa will undoubtedly prove as attractive a feature in this journal as have the two series of articles on Cuba by Mr. George Kennan. Another series of equal importance will be that on the Philippines by Mr. Phelps Whitmarsh, author of "The World's Rough Hand." Mr. Whitmarsh is now in the islands as a special commissioner for THE OUTLOOK. An article on Hawaii in its present relations to the United States, including an interview with ex-President Dole, appears in THE OUTLOOK for October 28th, and forms the first of Mr. Whitmarsh's series under the general title "Colonial America." (\$3 a year. The Outlook Co., N. Y.)

THE COSMOPOLITAN Magazine is the first to exploit the beauties and attractions that are to come at the Paris Exposition. It has secured a notable contribution for its November number from Vance Thompson, who is now in Paris, who has been over the ground especially for THE COSMOPOLITAN and who is, undoubtedly, the most brilliant of the younger American writers. The article is copiously illustrated. There will be a second Paris Exposition article in THE COSMOPOLITAN, for December. This one is written by the Hon. Charles A. Towne, the eloquent Minnesota Representative in Congress, and it, also, will have many fine pictures.

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# The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

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Vol. XXIX.

DECEMBER, 1899.

No 12

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Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

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## THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

*By Elder Henry C. Blinn.*

THE simplicity of action in accomplishing any desired result should never be overlooked. So long as there are many men with many minds there must be as many corresponding forms of expression in order to manifest the thoughts that are evolving in the minds of individuals. Cultivation goes far in its ameliorating influence to make better the general character, and also in refining the manners and fitting them for the best society.

One of the old prophets in order to be able to preach an effectual sermon to an idolatrous king of Israel, was sent into a mountain and remained there several weeks. While in his hermitage he witnessed scenes like an earthquake, and then of a whirlwind and finally became so spiritually sensitive that he thought he heard "a still small voice," coming from the Lord.

This wonderful season of meditation, no doubt, aided him very much in his subsequent message to the king. The potent influence of this remarkable gift of inspiration has never yet been lost, whether it be for an Ahab or a Herod that is to receive the divine word. Whether these exhibitions of the earthquake and the whirlwind that the prophet witnessed on Mt. Carmel were representations of the manners and customs of the people at that place, we may not be able to solve. But of all that he heard and saw in that remarkable retreat, the greatest excellence was readily admitted to be found in the still, small voice.

The whirlwind and the earthquake characters may have their legitimate place among men, and be able to accomplish wonderful results, but faith, hope and love have a far deeper influence to eradicate wrong. Too much care can not be exercised in the ministration that passes from mind to mind. Men sometimes do heroic deeds in order to accomplish a certain end.

While the point of the finest needle may cause intense pain to a sensitive patient, the skillful surgeon does not hesitate if the case demands it, to use his scalpel, even though the loss of a limb be the result. With his knife goes his prayerful thought for the best good of all concerned.

It required a term of not less than forty days of fasting for Elijah to be able to discriminate the benefits arising from the ministration of the "small voice," over that of the whirlwind or the earthquake, with which he had for so long a time been very closely associated.

Some of the old prophets who were being educated under the Mosaic Law, partook largely of the spirit of that Law, and in their ministry for religious benefit, framed their discourses on the principle of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. If justice only rules, and mercy is kept in the rear, there may be some judicial decisions rendered that might seem even heroic under the rule of the Medes and Persians. The Lawgivers and Judges conducted their administration very much after this same spirit.

How nice it would be for those temperaments that are either moulded on this plane, at the present day, or have been educated on this rigid, despotic line, to follow the course of the mountain prophet and after eating a little meat, begin a fast of forty days. For once we may rest assured that we should enter a new dispensation and be obliged to solve our difficulties in a "still, small voice," much to the satisfaction of all our hearers.

On the other hand there may be occasions when necessity demands volume of voice, when we must "cry aloud and spare not," and use good Anglo-saxon words as the potent influence that is to consummate the anticipated good. Even the evangelical prophet, so pleasantly perused, and so literally quoted gave utterance, at one time, to those emphatic words as demanded by the mission for which he was sent. "Cry aloud! Lift up your voice like a trumpet!!" The prophet was in earnest. There was no time to be wasted in smooth soft words while the enemy of our souls and of God's kingdom of righteousness was in danger of invasion. To cry aloud was an evidence of life, and that something was wanted immediately. Isaiah was well acquainted with the customs of the priests and prophets of Baal.

In the days of Elijah as a test of spiritual influence the priests called upon Baal from morning till noon without being able to get a response. It was on a fast day that the children of Israel were doing as did the worshipers of Baal, and the good prophet urged the faithful to make as much effort in the interest of their God as the idolators did for Baal.

What a lesson for those who believe in God! What a lesson for those who



believe as said the Apostle—"we know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness!!"

Jesus like Elijah was a man of meditation, and of fasting. He said there were certain conditions that could not be eliminated from the souls and bodies of men, except through prayer and fasting. As yet we have many lessons to learn.

"Though heralded with naught of fear,  
Or outward sign to show;  
Though only to the inward ear,  
It whispers soft and low;  
Though dropping as the manna fell,  
Unseen, yet from above,  
Noiseless as dew fall, heed it well—  
Thy Father's call of love."

*East Canterbury, N. H.*

## THE VOICE OF THE "MANIFESTO."

*By Asenath C. Stickney.*

*"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."—Isaiah lii., 7.*

THUS sang the inspired prophet of long ago, while the sweet strain, seemingly floating down through the centuries, rests upon the thought like liquid music. I quote this beautiful passage in respectful recognition of the value it has been to me during my pilgrimage as a messenger of "good tidings."

Perhaps my patrons are not all aware that I, THE MANIFESTO, first became conscious of existence as an entity at Watervliet, N. Y., in February of 1871, nearly twenty-nine years ago, where I learned from the veteran editors of that date that I was to become an itinerant missionary in behalf of the Shakers as a sect. Those worthy pioneers have long since joined the army of intelligences in the Realm of Souls.

For the past eighteen years, my temporary home has been at East Canterbury, where the faithful editor, Elder Henry C. Blinn, has kindly superintended all my various needs, to whom I am now deeply indebted. Having recently heard it announced that my mission will close with the present century, I come once more to present my thanks to all who have in any way patronized my efforts. To the staunch contributors, who have so long fed me with substantial thought, loving words and hopeful aspirations, I tender my warmest congratulations. To the liberal subscribers, who have paid my fare in advance to different localities, I offer grateful acknowledgements; while to all my patrons, far and near, I owe a debt of especial thanks.

Just here let me assure you, it is with much regret that I part company with so many noble friends, yet feel that I must abide the decision of my

superiors, only giving way, however, I trust, to a greater, stronger missionary agent that will more effectually further the Christian work I have faithfully sought to accomplish thus far. Having traveled extensively through the past twenty-nine years, and having found my way into many homes in foreign lands as well as in our own free country, I am happy to state that I have been treated with such consideration that no uncanny memories are to be found in my life record.

I am well aware that my mission has been a lowly one. No popularity has been sought after by my contributors. No illustrations, no attractive pictures of material objects have graced my pages, no romantic stories told, no state prison records of unfortunates ever found room in the columns consecrated to the publishing of "good tidings."

Each tiny volume has been chiefly devoted to the grave responsibilities of the soul life of the peculiar people it has been my privilege to represent. They glory only in self-conquest, one for one, in financial honesty, in sincerity of purpose, in devotion to the pure principles of self-abnegation taught by the Pattern of nearly nineteen hundred years ago. In my Home Notes, I have given the enquirer a glance into the domestic social life of their happy communal homes, and methinks, by so doing, may have answered somewhat the oft-repeated query; "What would become of the world if all were Shakers?" In conclusion, I would say that I trust the dawning century will evolve some feasible method of publishing more effectually and more gloriously than I have been able to do, the "good tidings" of gospel liberty to all true seekers after righteousness.

Please accept, herewith, as a parting benediction, the kindest regards of  
Yours,

THE MANIFESTO.

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## OUR MOTHER ANN.

**H**ISTORY informs us that Mother Ann Lee, landed on the American shores with her band of loyal volunteers, one hundred and twenty-five years ago. From that event we date the birth of religious freedom for woman, in this, our favored land. Although we love to read the history and life of Mother Ann Lee and her labors of love, a century of events can hardly cancel from thought the memory of the cruelties she suffered, or repress the rising tear as we realize she was only a woman like ourselves by nature, but who by the grace of God, became a marvel of goodness to her people. We revere her memory! "Many daughters have done virtuously; but thou excellest them all."

Many are her followers who have perpetuated in their lives the principles which she taught. Many spiritual mothers have arisen during the last one hundred years whose posterity to-day, rise up and call them blessed.



Those who embrace and live according to the universal principles upon which the virgin church is founded, are able to perfect a spiritual fatherhood and motherhood which far transcends in wealth of affection and genuine love that of which a mere child of nature can boast. Let us faithfully perpetuate their practical Christian teachings that the youth of the dawning century now so near may realize from our life consecrations, other Mother Ann's who will walk the same highway of Christian excellence and thus continue to perpetuate the kingdom of heaven life here upon the earth.

*East Canterbury, N. H.*

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### THE MESSENGER.

*By Nancy L. Rupe.*

NORTH, east, west and southern household,  
Children of our heavenly king,  
All in harmony together,  
Let us one more offering bring.  
We've been passengers, dear kindred,  
In the MESSENGER OF TRUTH,  
Met each month in blest communion,  
Aged, middle-aged and youth.  
Blessed voyages! How pleasant,  
As we sailed from shore to shore,  
Proving love a heaven-born token  
"God is Love"—we ask no more.  
Had we eloquence of language  
To portray the grand career  
Of the wisely guarded vessel,  
As it moved from year to year,  
Strewing bread upon the waters,  
That in future will return,  
Setting starlights in dark places  
That will never cease to burn.  
Sowing seed for future ages,  
Plants from which can never die,  
These are watered from a fount  
Of living streams that never dry.  
But like autumn leaves and flowers  
Childhood, youth and middle age,  
All succumb to final changes  
Passing from life's active stage,  
Precious treasure, "MANIFESTO,"  
Dost thou in like manner pass?

Hast fulfilled thy glorious mission,  
 Must we bid adieu at last?  
 Brethren, let us chant a requiem,  
 Sisters, join the plaintive strain,  
 That our greetings, as in past times,  
 Never will return again!  
 But a glorious day is dawning  
 When earth's conflicts will be o'er,  
 Rapturous thoughts, O glorious meeting  
 On the grand immortal shore.

*Pleasant Hill, Ky.*

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### INTROSPECTION.

*By Jessie Evans.*

THERE are deeps and shallows in life. There are heights and depths in the realm of thought. The earth has its seasons, and in their order they bring about sowing, cultivation, bud, blossom and harvest. No less so is it in the mind world. Thoughts take root, they lie seemingly dormant, but the blade comes to light and later the "full corn in the ear" is ready for distribution or transplanting. The agriculturist always selects carefully the choicest specimens for transplanting, and the thoughtful are equally wise in their selection of what shall be reinstated in the garden of the soul.

The seasons of the year have passed in their usual succession, and the earth has brought forth after its kind. God's blessings have redeemed his promises. Obedient nature has exerted her utmost, and the fruits have been garnered. The leaves fall, and the trees, lately so radiant in their various colors, lately so burdened with many fruits, appear in their bare uniform. With the eye of the ignorant, one might pronounce them dead, so unsuggestive are they now of foliage, shade, blossom or fruit. But, on the contrary, they were never more truly alive. They have simply adapted themselves to their circumstances. The law that sends the killing frosts, forbids them now to present the beautiful fragile blossom, yet the power to produce the outward beauty is all conserved in the wonderful organism of the tree.

Souls, too, have their seasons, but they come not to all at the same time. We turn and find, side by side, souls hoary with the whiteness of winter almost ready for transplanting; others laden with the golden fruit of gospel experience and wisdom; many in their spring-time are just putting forth the first leaves, while upon others we may find the promising bud and blossom. Many souls, like the vine, instinctively seek a strong support, yet upon them hang the ripe clusters of well-formed, timely fruit.

It is an acknowledged fact that no two persons are exactly alike in either

structure or emanation. For this reason, it is of great importance that we individually study to know our mission. In the physical world we have our place, we select the occupations for which nature has fitted us. If we attempt duties which we are unable to complete, we turn to others until we find the sphere in which nature is satisfied to have us move. Some restless personalities pass from this life, having never found their legitimate avocations; but it is our right, our duty, to pass with honor through the term of service on earth which God has permitted us as a preparation for the higher life beyond. Restless minds may, likewise, pass out of this existence with no definite knowledge of the part they were appointed to play in the great drama of thought. God hides his secrets deep, but he who treads the depths finds them unshrined. Shallows engage no divers.

Our thought life is the supreme life. We pass before the eyes of men, and too often only the superficial is known. One writer truthfully asserts that we have never really seen each other. Nothing could be truer. We are not the personalities that hold in trust for a season the immortal faculties. They express what we are, they are the vehicles of our thought, but in the thought itself lie the real *we*. For this reason, it behooves us to find what place we occupy in the great realm of mind.

God has stationed us in this beautiful world of his to fulfill an appointed mission. As each mind is distinct in its conceptions, so it is distinct in its responsibilities. The true Christian is as conscious of an *under life* as he is of his material existence. Deeper than the nerve that responds to human touch, is the current that connects him with the Divine. More distinct than the beating of the heart is the throb of his soul toward all that furthers Zion's interests. This higher self is of primary importance. The law that gives it birth provides for its growth and development, and we should study until on comprehension of it is as perfect as is that of the law governing the physical.

The mission of our Savior was to bring men to a knowledge of the real life of the soul. Nothing so strongly incurred his displeasure as the sin of hypocrisy. When the hypocrites fast, he said, "they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast." "But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head and wash thy face; that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." The branch abiding in the vine referred to a vital connection with the productiveness of God and the barren fig-tree withered under his rebuke.

In secret God chastens the human soul, silently his mysterious processes take place, they have no human witness. "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." God acquaints every soul with its work at its birth. "Where much is given, much will be required." If the issue is a critical one, the discipline will doubtless

be long and severe ; if the form is to illustrate perfect symmetry, the chiseling must be deep and constant until not an uncouth atom remains.

We have not all, like the trees, passed the season of fruit-bearing ; but, like them, we must grow from a centered vitality. The shallows of life refer but to the transient, the immortal explores the depths and scales the heights. There is no time for the trivial, we turn from the superficial with disgust. The signs of our day call for living souls, adamant character, indomitable courage. He, whose *under life* is at peace with divine intentions, stands through all seasons, a branch of God's planting which is as the oak that grows but the more sturdy when assailed by tempest and storm.

*East Canterbury, N. H.*

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[Contributed by Sarah S. Woods.]

### FROM WESLEY'S WRITINGS.

ALLOW me the liberty of conscience. Allow me the right of private judgment. Allow me to use the expression just as often as I judge it preferable to any other expression and be not angry with me if I can not judge it proper to use any one expression every two minutes. You may, if you please, but do not condemn me because I do not.

Do not, for this, represent me as a Papist, or "an enemy to the righteousness of Christ." Bear with me as I do you ; else how shall we "fulfill the law of Christ?" Do not make tragical outeries as though I were subverting the very foundation of Christianity. Whoever does this, does me much wrong ; the Lord lay it not to his charge ! I lay, and have done for many years, the very same foundation with you. And indeed, "other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, even Jesus Christ."

I build inward and outward holiness thereon, as you do even by faith. Do not, therefore, suffer any distaste, or unkindness, no, nor any shyness or coldness of your heart.

If there were a difference of opinion, where is our religion if we can not think and let think ? What hinders but you may forgive me as easily as I may forgive you ? How much more, when there is only a difference of expression ! Nay, hardly so much as that ! All the dispute being only whether a particular mode of expression shall be used more or less frequently. Surely we must earnestly desire to contend with one another before we can make this a bone of contention. Oh, let us not any more, for such very trifles as these, give our common enemies room to blaspheme. Rather let us at length cut off occasion from them that seek occasion ! Let us at length—oh, why was it not done before?—join hearts and hands in the service of our great Master.—*John Wesley.*

## OBEDIENCE.

*By Lillian Phelps.*

IN order to insure success in the Christian life it is necessary that this important principle, should become firmly established within the heart. "To obey is better than sacrifice and to hearken than the fat of rams." Every soul must have proved, in some measure, the truth of these words.

The effect of disobedience to wise counsel or to the voice of conscience, will ever be a loss of spiritual strength and consequently of power to resist evil. Whereas a soul that renders obedience to the spirit of truth wherever it may be found will obtain a growth in spiritual life and thus become fortified against the powers of evil. There are different phases of obedience which come with different stages of growth. For instance, one may obey from the power of love for an individual, even as the dutiful child obeys his parents. This will answer for a time, but unless obedience becomes a fixed principle in the heart the foundation for a Christian life can not become established. Again one may obey from fear of punishment and thus never conceive of the spirit of the law, or know the blessings arising therefrom. Mother Ann said, "Once I served God through fear, but now I serve him through love," showing that with advancing growth in the spiritual life our love for God and his word prompts a willing obedience thereto. True Christian obedience requires humility, self-denial and the resignation expressed in the words of the Savior: "Thy will, not mine, be done."

*East Canterbury, N. H.*

## A REQUEST.

*By Frederic McKechnie.*

O THOU of truth and grace  
 I am Thy clay.  
 Yet let me see Thy face,  
 I do not pray  
 For riches; these have wings  
 And flee away.

Nor yet Lord would I have  
 A world's acclaim,  
 Worlds go, and with them goes  
 Their thing called fame;  
 I would not have of them  
 Their proudest name.

But let me see Thy face,  
 And at the sight,

## THE MANIFESTO.

My soul shall wake and rise  
 From out its night  
 To day that never dies,  
 Eternal Light.  
*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

In Memory of our Brother, FRANK O. LIBBEY.

*By Ellen Griffen.*

*"In the midst of life we are in death."*

WHEN the deepening shadows of evening  
 Began to darken our way,—  
 When the twilight came softly stealing  
 To shut out the light of day,—  
 The Angel of Death came near us,  
 And took from our fond embrace,  
 One who was loved and cherished,  
 To dwell in a holier place.  
 To a bright and happy mansion,  
 He has striven to prepare;  
 Where no pain can ever enter,  
 Neither sorrow, grief, nor care.  
 He has gone, the reward of his labors  
 To receive, at the blessed throne;  
 For bearing the cross of the Savior,  
 He shall wear the promised crown.  
 He was almost too young to be taken;  
 His place we can not fill;—  
 But in loving and true obedience,  
 We will try to do the will  
 Of our Father who art in heaven,  
 And knoweth what is best.  
 So with joy we will let our brother,  
 With the angels in heaven rest.  
 'Tis hard we know to be parted  
 From friends who seem so dear,  
 But this is no abiding place,  
 We can not tarry here.  
 For soon we shall all hear the summons,  
 The call to the evergreen shore,  
 Where with friends we shall be united,  
 To part with them nevermore.  
*Alfred, Me.*



## THE MANIFESTO.

DECEMBER, 1899.

## OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is published by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the Order and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness. Address,

HENRY C. BLINN,  
East Canterbury, N. H.

## NOTICE.

OUR little Magazine which at the present time is known as "THE MANIFESTO," issued its first number in January, 1871, at Watervliet, N. Y. At that time it bore the very pleasant but modest title, "The Shaker." It was the messenger of "good news," and in its advocacy of the testimony of the Christ, gave no uncertain sound.

Its publication has been sustained by the liberal contributions of the several Shaker Communities, as they have manifested a deep interest in its success as a medium for good to its own members, and no less to those who were not residents of the Community.

Possibly it may be after a term of some thirty years, "THE MANIFESTO" has accomplished all the good it can for the present, and may now go into retirement till another wave of enthusiasm calls it again into action.

To all who have ministered to the success of the little paper, as writers or readers, or to its circulation, we extend our kindest thanks. Times have changed. Money is scarce and the several Societies have suffered with the laboring classes in the common distress.

It is now proposed that the December number of "THE MANIFESTO" for 1899, shall be the closing of the publication.

*The Directors.*

## NOTES ABOUT HOME.

## Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

October.

## Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

	Thermometer.	Rain.
1898.	54.	7.75 in
1899.	51.35	1.5 "
Highest Temp. during this mo.	74	above 0.
Lowest "	" "	26 "
Number of rainy days	" "	6 "
" " clear	" "	7 "
" " cloudy	" "	18 "

Nov. 1899.

THE items of greatest importance, ad valorem, should have the first place. This being so, seriatim, I must say: our itinerant Ministry at present are located at Hancock, Mass., reviewing the progress of the Community there, in things spiritual and temporal. So far as my information extends, their relationship is a bond of peace, love and union, a three fold cord not easily broken.

At Mt Lebanon, Church family, the burden of the Brethren is the harvesting of the fall crops, preparatory to meet the inclemency of a cold, frost-bound, snow-mantled winter. We are quite well prepared for the unwelcome visitor. According to the Indian maxim; "Before winter sets in, the swamps must be filled with water," which at present is not the case, and our springs are very low.

The Sisters are busy as bees in the season of flowers; besides their ordinary round of duties, they are favored with orders in the line of making cloaks for citizens not of our Community. This employs a number of the Sisters from morning dawn till dewy eve. So both Brethren and Sisters have enough to do, leaving no time to be sick or to be unkind. This is a blessing, that should be appreciated, even if some of us do at times snap the hygienic law and get ourselves into a trap of troubles.

*Calvin G. Reed.*

## South Family.

Nov. 1899.

"WELL here we are, witnessing the eighteen hundred and ninety-ninth November. And other Novembers will come and go, but will they revive our MANIFESTO? We hope it may be. We will not hope in vain! We will try to believe that what is, is for the best.

THE MANIFESTO should have a rest

We hope a short rest it only will get,  
 'Tis not very old—'tis not thirty yet.  
 At twice its age we'd deem it quite young.  
 And think its good work was scarcely begun.  
 But rest is the law that must be obeyed,  
 So on the high shelf it soon will be laid.  
 Then after a time to light 'twill be brought  
 With newness of life and richness of tho't  
 Brighter 'twill be for its rest on the shelf.  
 Dependent not then on base worldly self.  
 Its pages will glow with beauty unfold  
 And gladly be read by young and by old.  
 The gospel proclaimed by Jesus, we know  
 Will then fully fill our MANIFESTO.  
 Till then—until then our patience we'll keep  
 Back numbers read and much pleasure reap  
 Call up the good we have found in the past  
 Thro' writers unseen and seen to the last.  
 Thanks we extend to our editor kind  
 And trust that he will good health truly find  
 And find his way back where Berkshire  
 hills grow

There rest for a time like our MANIFESTO.  
 To his honorable staff our love we inclose  
 And hope they will now find rest and repose.

We have had a beautiful October more  
 like summer than fading autumn. The  
 bright sunshine and singing birds have re-  
 minded us of the Summer land where all  
 is life, light and beauty.

Sister Fannie Tyson of Enfield, Conn.  
 paid us a visit on one of October's sunny  
 afternoons. We all enjoyed her coming.  
 Arthur Dowe, of California, in company  
 with Brother Alonzo Hollister called on us  
 a few days ago. We find pleasure al-  
 ways in meeting with friends both near  
 and far.

Our family are usually well and all are  
 busy doing good and trying to make hay  
 while the sun shines.

Genevieve DeGraw.

#### North Family.

Nov. 1890.

THESE autumn days—for whatever mere  
 almanacs may say, winter has not yet  
 come—we have gathered up all the cider  
 apples findable and sent them off to the  
 mill. Of good apples, our cellar is now  
 quite full. Greenings, smooth and sound  
 being the main part of our crop, but we  
 have also got in quite a quantity of Bald-  
 wins; of these latter, more than we had  
 at one time expected. In the very mild  
 weather we have been having, the Green-  
 ings are not keeping as well as they might  
 (in this respect being inferior to the Bald-  
 win apple,) and it may be, we shall have  
 to dispose of them before Christmas, al-  
 though in former seasons we have kept  
 them along into January and February.

The continued spell of dry weather is  
 allowing us to get fields and gardens  
 ploughed and fertilized and we have also  
 got in our supply of coal for another win-  
 ter. But still, we would be glad to see  
 some rain come along and fill up ponds  
 and reservoirs before winter sets in. It

would give us some water power with  
 which to do a little sawing and other nec-  
 essary things. This winter, if we can get  
 at it, we expect to make a lot of carpet  
 whips, a useful article to have in the  
 house and one for which there should be  
 a fair demand when once they are known.  
 This is about all there is to write about  
 home this month; only one thing now re-  
 mains to do; bid adieu to our little mag-  
 azine. It is a pity. Like a friend, it has  
 called at our gates these many years,  
 passed a few pleasant words and gone  
 away again until another month came  
 round, and has always been welcome in a  
 quiet way each time it came. But now it  
 is not coming back and this time we are  
 to say farewell. But nay! we look for-  
 ward to that "wave of enthusiasm" of  
 which our good "directors" speak and  
 say—not farewell but only, *au revoir*.

Frederic McKechnie.

#### West Pittsfield, Mass.

Nov. 1890.

So we meet in the "Home Corner," this  
 month to sound the finale of our notes, or  
 is it only to institute a pause in the mu-  
 sic? Some one has said that a rest is as  
 necessary to good music as is sound, for  
 the following notes will acquire force by  
 the preceding quiet. Rest is not inaction.  
 The soldier on picket-duty who faithfully  
 performs his task, helps as truly as he  
 who advances to meet the foe.

We are commanded to "Let our light  
 shine," and do we think that if one medi-  
 um of communication be closed, we are to  
 sit in darkness?

It is not the polishing of the lamp or  
 the ornamentation of its stand, that we  
 now need, but it is the steady glow of a  
 bright light. Such lights as by their loy-  
 al beams, send help and hope over life's  
 troubled waters. Such lights as shine in  
 little unnoticed places but just there the  
 danger is greatest.

The stars that lighten the darkened  
 world, only produce their brightness by  
 steadily glowing, each in its place of the  
 vast firmament above us. Each one  
 twinkling bright and clear, yet all their  
 beams uniting in the flood of light illu-  
 mining the distance. So may we shine,  
 "You in your small corner and I in mine"  
 each one individually shining, yet all unit-  
 ing in the one truth which our lives por-  
 tray.

Because we are called to a halt in the  
 onward march, we will not lay our weap-  
 ons down but build for ourselves walls of  
 defence, and by daily drill strengthen our

forces. Is not the command to "halt," as truly a command as the "onward march?" Our duty as soldiers, is only to receive the order and obey. If the command is issued from our Leader, it can not fail to prove to have been for the best.

We know our cause is one of truth. We are sure it will not be forgotten or that its people will be forsaken. We must not "run before" our Leader, it is the faithful following that brings us to the kingdom. As we follow, new doors will be opened to us and we shall advance nearer and nearer the desired goal.

We shall miss the little monthly chat with our Brothers and Sisters in other homes, but must learn to converse by thought waves. The inventor of the wireless telegraphy must work still farther and give us the power of wordless speech.

So to the north-land and south-land, the east and the west, we send the mizpah benediction of old. "The Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from another." The Lord between us! Are we not then safe and sure? Though we see not each other, we are all stepping toward this divinity and since He is between us, there we shall meet united in Him, one spirit, one life.

So now, dear members of the circle, can not we all join in the sweet parting song, that shall send its echoes to every one in our homes.

"God be with you till we meet again  
By His counsel guide, uphold you,  
With His sheep securely fold you,  
God be with you till we meet again."  
*Fidella Estabrook.*

### Union Village, Ohio.

Nov. 1899.

OUR health is very good at the present writing. In fact, for salubrity of climate, Union Village is hardly to be exceeded by any region of country on this earth. Our crops are nearly all in and have been such as to elicit thankfulness and gratitude on our part to the great Father and Mother of us all. Our business is moving on in the usual routine of duties and labors pertaining to the success and perpetuity of our Community.

To be true followers of Jesus, does not in these days, seem to have any attractions for the average worldling, but one of these days there will come a radical change in all this. The good Lord knows when, and how to bring it about. In connection with these meditations, how often I recall those remarkable lines of Rev. John Newton,—

"Destruction's dang'rous road,  
What multitudes pursue,

While that which leads the soul to God  
Is known or sought by few.

Encompassed by a throng,  
On numbers they depend;  
So many surely can't be wrong,  
And miss a happy end.

But numbers are no mark  
That men will right be found,  
A few were saved in Noah's Ark  
For many millions drowned.

If self must be denied,  
And sin forsaken quite;  
They rather choose the way that's wide  
And try to think it's right.

Obeys the Gospel call,  
And enter while you may,  
The flock of Christ was always small,  
But none are saved but they."

I lately had a petition presented to me to sign, praying for the abolition of capital punishment. I signed the same gladly. I hope it may receive so many signers as to move our Legislature to the abolition forever, of that awful relic of barbarism. It should have been wiped from our Judicial system long ago.

One man is writing us from Waco, Texas, to be received as a member but there are those who oppose his uniting with us. Thus it is;—scarcely one in two hundred makes application for membership, who has not some insuperable barrier standing in his way, but Jesus said, "Take no thought for the morrow." In due time, doubtless, all things will be adjusted in the wisdom of the Highest, and for our greatest good and success.

O. C. Hampton.

### East Canterbury, N. H.

Nov. 1899.

BELoved EDITOR:—The last Notes about Home are certainly due you for your kind and prompt service to the public for so many years. While the last echoes of our written notes will soon die away on the wintry breezes that King Winter has already briskly set in motion, the music of grateful acknowledgment in the hearts of the many readers who have profited by the faithful circulation of our beloved "MANIFESTO" will not soon be hushed.

One writer happily asserts, "We live in deeds, not years," and in this sense the magazine has lived long and well. We thank you as the motive power of its success. To the staff of printers we bid an affectionate farewell. If they have been unfortunate enough to make *pl's* behind the scenes, we have no *proof* of the fact, and while we know they must have needed many a *stick* in their work the public have been spared the sight.

It is pleasant to cast a loving glance into every home at this season and believe

that all are working toward the upbuilding of our holy cause. We shall not greet each other again, perhaps, through this medium, but we can never forget that we are children of one rich inheritance, and as such, are pledged to a loving consecration to which there are no boundary lines and upon which the sun can never set.

Farewell, dear faithful "MANIFESTO;" and to our beloved gospel kindred, we say, God speed thee and us to higher trustworthiness, broader conceptions of our Christian work and to a deeper abiding love to the Zion of our God which can never be destroyed.

Jessie Evans.

### Sabbathday Lake, Me.

Nov. 1899.

A few days ago we had a short visit from Elder Joseph Holden and Elder Ira Lawson who called here on their mission of love and good-will. We were glad to have them with us if only for a short time and were spiritually benefited by their presence.

As these are to be the last Notes for THE MANIFESTO we think they had better not be too lengthy, therefore we shall have to write our final adieux as THE MANIFESTO dies with this issue. How sad it is to part with a friend and such a helpful friend, too, as THE MANIFESTO has been! Is there no doctor that can be called in to administer the right kind of medicine that would restore it? If not we must bid all our readers a kind farewell, for the little book on whose pages we have scanned the growth and prosperity of our various homes, will be no more.

Ada S. Cummings.

### Alfred, Me.

Nov. 1899.

THE fall months keep us busy with their various duties. We have no place for drones. "Hands to work and heart to God," is our motto. We have just stored twenty-two tons of grain in our cow barn. We are getting sixty-four gallons of milk a day, two thirds of which is shipped daily to Boston. Have a good stock of cattle and have raised twenty-four calves this season.

The fall term of school has closed after a successful season of ten weeks. Number of scholars, fifteen.

During the past month the angel of death has made us a call and taken our Brother, Frank Libbey: a faithful worker in the interests of Zion. It reminds us that this is no continuing city. The pres-

ent is ours the future we know not of, so we will strive to do what good we can and be working for those treasures which are immortal and perish not.

In parting with THE MANIFESTO we feel that we are parting with an old friend. We hope that some time in the future we can welcome it again to our home.

Eva M. Libbey.

### Shakers, N. Y.

Nov. 1899.

At date of writing these Notes, the 5th inst. we are enjoying a visit from a delegation from Enfield, Conn., comprising Eldress Marion Patric and Sisters Phebe Farnham and Irene Ashley. We prize all seasons of social and spiritual communion with our gospel relation.

It was refreshing to peruse the lines of that grand old hymn, "Soldiers of Christ," published in November MANIFESTO. But such productions never grow old; they are immortal treasures that never decay. The spiritual energy of the testimony ministered by those illuminated and resurrected souls through whom those hymns were given is needed at the present time. Their warfare was not with their fellow beings but with the principalities and powers of darkness enthroned in the human soul. They not only pointed but led the way to the higher life; to an emancipation from the lower, into the spiritual resurrection.

We would extend thanks to Elder Ernest Pick for "speaking out in meeting" in November MANIFESTO. The nail was hit square on the head. The truth can not be compromised by a bold proclamation of its position, but only by those who with fear and trembling are cowed by the phantom lions in the way and which disappear when bravely met.

With this closing essay we would extend thanks to the Editor and printers of THE MANIFESTO and to all who have given their best thoughts silently and through the medium of the pen for its support.

Hamilton DeGraw.

### Deaths.

Sanford J. K. Russell, at Union Village, Ohio. Nov. 10, 1899. Age 81 years, 5 mo. and 28 days.

He has been a good Believer many years and held many places and offices of trust—all of which he discharged with fidelity and faithfulness. O. C. H.

Frank O. Libbey, at Alfred, Maine.

Oct. 26, 1899. Age 29 years and 8 mo.

Been among Believers seventeen years.

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## THE HANDS DROP OFF—THE WORK GOES ON.

By B. F. Kent Bradley.

WHETHER it be to rear in stone  
Vast pyramids in Egypt's sand;  
Or girdle with defensive zone,  
The boundaries of a mighty land;  
In all the grandest works of time,  
That human power or thought hath won,  
Recruits fill up the broken line,  
The hands drop off—the work goes on.

Man's thoughts reach out beyond their age,  
Like lanterns shining in the dark;  
Transmitted through the bard and sage,  
God guards with jealous care, each spark.  
What *needs* to live *will live*; the truth  
Waits centuries for a tongue of fire,  
And in its own immortal youth  
Springs up from gibbet, stake and pyre.

We stand sometimes in mute dismay  
To see a great man die. "His place,  
What living man can fill?" we say;  
"His tho'ts what lesser mind embrace?"  
"Such loss" we murmur in despair;  
So much devised, so little done."  
A voice sounds through the viewless air,  
"His *hands* drop off—the work goes on."

Time proves it so. No wheels are stopped,  
Progress and science claim their own;  
The mantle that our hero dropped,  
On other shoulders has been thrown;  
Worn loosely for a time perchance,  
But as the sire, shall grow the son;  
God leads, himself, the grand advance,  
The hands drop off—the work goes on.

Who rights the wrong, who breaks the  
chain  
From limbs long fettered without cause,  
Or from our statutes wipes the stain  
Of evil and oppressive laws,  
*Must work*, and trust to God and time,  
Nor hope with mortal eyes to see  
The dawning of the day sublime,  
The harvest white of victory.

Sad leader of some noble cause,  
Measuring thy work by life's few years,  
Thou reckonest but by finite laws,  
Give to the winds thy idle fears.  
Though in the conflict face to face  
Thou fall'st before the day be won,  
Some heart inspired shall fill thy place,  
The ranks close up—the work goes on.

Grand hope! Sweet comfort! Build thy  
plans  
And sow thy seed with careful thought;  
In God's good time if not in man's  
The miracle of growth is wrought.  
Thine eyes may close before the day  
That crowns the work so well begun;  
"He sowed, the grateful gleaners say,  
That we may reap—his work goes on."

## THE MANIFESTO.

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